The Times-Dispatch
DAILY—WEEKLY—SUNDAY.

Business Office.....918 E. Main Street
South Richmond.....1103 Hull Street
Petersburg Bureau.....109 N. Sycamore Street
Lynchburg Bureau.....215 Eighth Street

BY MAIL. POSTAGE PAID.	One Year.	Six Mos.	Three Mos.	One Mo
Daily with Sunday	$8.00	$4.00	$1.50	.55
Daily without Sunday	4.00	2.00	1.00	.35
Sunday edition only	2.00	1.00	.50	.25
Weekly (Wednesday)	1.00	.50	.25	...

By Times-Dispatch Carrier Delivery Service in Richmond (and suburbs) and Petersburg—

	One Week.
Daily with Sunday	14 cents
Daily without Sunday	10 cents
Sunday only	5 cents

Entered January 27, 1903, at Richmond, Va., as second-class matter under act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1910.

MONKEY AS SHE IS SPOKE.

That great Virginian, Professor Richard L. Garner, who has recently returned to his native land with Susie, a likely specimen of the Calvus chimpanzee, has written a stirring article for The Independent, the leading race organ, entitled "My Recent Work and Susie." It is positively "the only article which has been written by Mr. Garner" since he got back to the States, and we don't mind saying that it would not have mattered very much if it had never been written.

Since 1903 the Professor has been in the field uninterruptedly, pursuing the studies of apes and monkeys, which have been his life work, and he appears to have made not a great deal of progress since he and the Bicaise monkey were first acquaint, except that he has reached the conclusion that "in general, I find that most of the words of simian speech are much less definite—more vague—in their significance than I originally supposed. The fact remains, however, that the meanings I originally ascribed to them are included among the significations which, in these later years, I have found them to carry. This expansion, this new multiplicity of meanings, in no way lessens my conviction that the sounds made by monkeys are really speech." It appears that the little fellows have been making something of a monkey of the Professor; but as it is all "in the interest of Science," we must take it in good part. It is hoped that the Professor has been a little more careful in getting under the foundations of the monkey language than he seems to have been in the statement of his historical facts, as, for example, when he speaks of du Chaillu's "discovery of the gorilla," a discovery which was really made by the Rev. Dr. J. Leighton Wilson, a missionary of the Southern Presbyterian Church in Africa.

Susie, as we have said, belongs to the Kulu Kamba tribe of monkeys, "the patrician stock of her race," as the Professor happily expresses it, or, as we might say, the F. F. V. division of the Simians. The Professor admits that "as to the speech of the chimpanzee, it is almost impossible to convey the sounds by means of any conventionalities of orthography;" but Susie, the Professor's prodigy, makes a certain sound, under various circumstances, which he assumes to be equivalent to "yes." When the Professor shows her a banana, and she wants it, she speaks with a sharp sound on a high key, through her nose, "hwha"; when she doesn't want it, she says over and over again, "oha." The Professor assumes that the first word means "yes," and the second means "no," and as we have no way of proving that he is not entirely right about it, we must let it go at that. But there are all sorts of difficulties in mastering this new language. For example, there is the word "want," and all of us know what that means in our vernacular in these enlightened days; but the monkeys seem to have kept on talking just as they talked when our particular branch of the family broke away from the parental tree some thousands of years ago. Now, when a chimpanzee "wants" anything, it simply says something that sounds like "ue" in "rue," as the Frenchmen would pronounce it, the French having preserved more nearly than any of the rest of us, apparently, the original pronunciation of their first parents. As we have said, upon the authority of the Professor, "hwha" means "yes"; but there are other very distinct words in the Simian tongue spelled the same way that might signify "protest, resentment, alarm, calling, affection or caressing, and content and pleasure." We should be almost willing to gamble that "hwha" means "yes"; but, according as it is pronounced, it might mean any one of the other acts or emotions that we have cited.

The Professor has so far recorded and interpreted seven sounds, and compiles the vocabulary of the long-tailed, white-nosed monkeys of the Guenon group in this way: "Ohui," meaning "want"; "our'h," meaning "where are you?" "eu-nh," meaning "here"; "khi-iu," meaning "look out"; khi-iu-hou," meaning "retreat"; a-ou-hou," meaning "stampede," and "chu-h," meaning "hark! what?" It is very important to know that "the 'ch' is the German 'ch' final," which will enable some persons, like Ben Hagood, for instance, who is well versed in the "ch" final, to catch on much more readily.

As we understand, these seven sounds are emitted by the long-tailed, white-nosed monkeys of the Guenon group, and are, therefore, not so much used in Virginia as down on Edisto Island, South Carolina, where some of the aborigines are still supposed to be living; but we are particularly interested just now in Susie, who is the smartest ape that ever hung by her caudal appendage to any tree anywhere. Although only seven months old, she now speaks with great clearness five words—not "goo-goo," and "boo-boo," and "glug-glug," the best that some of our own babies can do, to the delight of the household—but five real words, and, besides, "she now understands some twenty-five words and phrases"; in fact, "the actual number of words composing the phrases she understands would probably be more nearly fifty than twenty-five," and "this lingual teaching," we are told by the Professor, "has been accomplished within six months, although I devoted no especial time to the teaching of any particular thing." This speaks well for Susie, and even if we can't make the other monkeys understand what they say to us, with Susie's help we may be able to make them know what we are talking about.

Just now, we should say, in spite of the knowledge acquired by the Professor, we shall have to say that we appear to be "in the twilight zone," so to speak. Enough is actually known, however, for us to make the New York Tribune understand when we ask it in the Guenon language, or dialect, "Our'h," which, being interpreted, means "Where are you?"

The Professor's article in The Independent is dated "Philadelphia, Pa., August 26, 1910," and that has a bad sound. We had hoped that he would fetch Susie down to old Virginny, where she could get rid of her nasal tones and learn to use the broad a. If she must speak through her nose, however, why does not the Professor take her farther North, up into New England, where the nose is really one of the well accredited organs of speech?

A PARALLEL WITH A POINT.

The members of the Hamilton Club in Chicago are said to be slowly recovering from the shock they received from the Colonel when he kicked Lorimer out of his own Club, whose hospitality he had accepted. Mr. Hanecy expressed the general consensus of Club opinion when he said: "I don't believe it. No gentleman could do such a thing; therefore Mr. Roosevelt didn't." But that is exactly what Mr. Roosevelt did and did in a most offensive way.

The New York Sun, which has a very inconvenient memory and a barrel full of things Mr. Roosevelt has done, renews an incident which did not attract a great deal of attention at the time; but which comes in very handily just now in the plucking of the tail feathers out of this Hero of the Mob.

Three years and a half before he left the White House, Mr. Roosevelt invited Eugene E. Schmitz, of San Francisco, to attend a reception given at the White House, then under his absolute control, in honor of the Army and Navy. At that time Schmitz had been under indictment for the most despicable form of political and personal iniquity; but he was invited to the White House just the same. For the crime for which he was then charged Schmitz was tried and convicted and sent to jail. Mr. Roosevelt invited this scoundrel to his own house on a great occasion. Schmitz was not socially obnoxious to him.

Mr. Roosevelt accepted the invitation to attend a dinner given in his honor by the Club of which Lorimer is a member; but after accepting the invitation, and after all the meats were baked and all the other company had been invited, in sudden excess of righteousness he declared that he would not attend the dinner if one of his hosts, not under indictment in any court, not convicted of any crime, should be present. The friend of Schmitz, the convicted and condemned and imprisoned grafter and briber, of California, esteemed himself too good to sit at the table with Lorimer!

TEACHERS VS. SCHOLARS.

"Are the colleges doing their job?" is the pertinent question put by Arthur W. Page in the latest number of World's Work. Not from second-hand sources has Mr. Page gained his information, for it has not been so very long since he was an undergraduate, and then he has been investigating conditions recently right on the ground. He speaks with no uncertain authority. While he singles out Harvard and Princeton for specific criticism, his strictures, in large measure, apply to every college and university in these United States.

The first result that Mr. Page has reached from inquiry is that in our colleges scholarship is not held "in high regard." A statistical investigation made at Harvard in 1909 was based upon the reasons given by students for not striving for scholarship honors or a degree with distinction, and these reasons are typical of the college student of to-day wherever you find him. Forty-seven gave as their reason, "would interfere with other pursuits more worth while;" thirty-five offered as their excuse, "would require too much specializing;" thirty-three were frank enough to say, "do not think it is worth while;" twenty-eight did not "think it worth the effort;" twenty-three were most intimate in their revelation that they "did not feel that they had enough natural ability to try;" and eighteen commercially-minded students said that higher scholarship was "no good for business." One third of the candidates for scholastic honors declared that they did not think such honors a "trustworthy indication of ability." Generalizing, Mr. Page says: "The undergraduate feels that the by-products of his college-life are more important than the main business. Some even confess that they do not work lest they be considered 'grinds,' uninspired plodders in books, who take eight hours to do a four-hour job, or succeed through memory alone. They feel that success in athletics or in the management of the college papers, a wide acquaintance, or anything which shows energy and ability, except study, is valuable."

The root of the trouble is stated by a member of the Princeton faculty: "Ph. D.'s are as thick as blackberries, and real teachers are scarce as they were two thousand years ago." The college chairs are too frequently filled by learned men who are inefficient and uninspiring teachers. Too often men are chosen to college faculties because they are "distinguished scholars or the authors of learned books." Too often the professor is deeply interested in his subject, but regards class room lectures as a necessary evil, and makes the students take the same view by his conduct as a teacher. Professor Palmer, of Harvard, has said: "While no doubt it is well for a teacher to be a fair scholar, that is not the main thing. What constitutes the teacher is the passion to make scholars; and again and again it happens that the great scholar has no such passion whatever."

Interesting, indeed, are the facts set forth by Mr. Page as to the methods successfully applied by certain college professors in order to awaken and hold the interest of their students. The preceptorial system in vogue at Princeton is, in his opinion, a long step in the right direction. It brings faculty and student together in a friendly way that helps the student to become a better student. Some professors have stressed the fact upon their students that what they say in class room is not to be found in some book in the library.

The whole problem is to catch the interest of the student; and it seems that the best way to do that is to convince him that what is being taught is not dry-as-dust and to be found in the printed notes of some tutor or "coach."

Mr. Page concludes his findings:

The men who have shown the way out of this dilemma are the men who teach, who number their works by men and not by books, men capable enough to inspire confidence and with enthusiasm enough to kindle in their students latent desires for learning; and no others should be entrusted with the handling of the most difficult raw product in the world. If workmen in a steel mill did not make the most of the material given them, they would lose their jobs—even if they knew more about steel than Bessemer and Carnegie combined. A professor who does not make the most of the material given him and does not take a joy in the process ought to share the same fate, though he know more than an encyclopaedia contains.

The colleges are public service corporations, and the public—which supports them in one way or other—has a right to the best service that can be had. And it has a right also to know whether the teaching be good or be perfunctory.

The droning scholar, talking with his eye upon the clock, is not the sort of teacher who is needed in our higher educational systems. It is the man who can catch the ear of the student, who can inspire him with a thirst for more knowledge, who can make him realize the bearing of the questions under study upon live issues and live people—it is this man who is the real teacher, the fisher of genuine students.

Those of us who can look back through the years to bright days spent on the campus can single out from the faculty of those days, without difficulty, on the one hand, the men who were teachers and on the other hand the men who were just learned professors, who had no right to profess teaching. Those who were real teachers—and they were in the minority—made their subjects have an intellectual zest for us and made us "stop to think." Into their works they threw their kindly personality; what they taught was useful in the after years; and their memory is blessed.

TO THE MAYOR.

When does Mayor Richardson think of recommending to City Council the changing of the name of Broad Street to "Powhatan Avenue" and the name of Main Street to "Pocahontas Avenue," as recently suggested in The Times-Dispatch by Dr. Eggleston, of this city? There is hardly a cross-roads settlement in the country that hasn't got a "Main Street." Why not make something out of our historical memories, Mayor Richardson? It will be done some day, certainly; why not have it done in your day?

BREAKING BREAD WITH THE COLONEL.

The New York Evening Post thinks that the Colonel's refusal to break bread with Senator Lorimer at Chicago was an obvious thing for him to do, but nevertheless was a fine act which deserves high praise," and then, just as if it had been refreshing itself with another bath in the Rollo Books, the Evening Post declares that "we cannot have too much of such stern holding aloof socially from political corruptionists, and determination to have neither part nor lot with them in any way." Of course, the Evening Post has not forgotten its recent drubbing by the Colonel, and how he pulled the Commandments on it to prove that the liar is just as bad as the thief. The next time our contemporary is invited to break bread with the Colonel, as it is sure to be, suppose in looking over the list of invited guests he should put his finger on its name and say: "I shall not attend the dinner if it is there!" How would such stern holding aloof socially as that strike the Evening Post?

LLOYD W. BOWERS.

When the intelligence of the death of Solicitor-General Lloyd Wheaton Bowers was flashed to the American people yesterday, perhaps there were few who could recall anything about him, despite the fact that President Taft announced that it had been his purpose to have appointed him to the United States Supreme Court "if opportunity offered." He was a brilliant lawyer, but he attended to his arduous labors, content with the satisfaction of duty done rather than with conspicuous place in the public eye. As Solicitor-General of the United States, his record has been rarely equaled. He never lost a case which he argued.

The most luminous fact in his record, however, is that he left a lucrative law practice in the fullness of his strength to serve the Government for what must have been to him a very small salary. When he was offered the solicitor-generalship by President Taft, he was general counsel of the Chicago and Northwestern Railway, recognized as one of the six best lawyers in the Nation. During his sixteen years' service as general counsel, no charge, technical or otherwise, was made against his road. Yet he relinquished material consideration "at great personal sacrifice," as President Taft said, and gave his fine legal mind to the use of his country. Worn with the cares and duties of his high office, he ended his life as a patriotic public servant.

Fighting alone, single-handed, he caught the attention of the whole country last March when he defended the constitutionality of the corporation tax provisions of the Payne-Aldrich tariff law before the Supreme Court. On the other side was a veritable host of the ablest legal talent in the country. He was to have argued the Standard Oil and income tax cases in November and the corporation tax case soon afterward. It is said that his mastery of these cases was complete. His loss, at such a time, is doubly lamentable.

In his self-sacrifice, he showed that he was a true patriot; in his legal service to the Government, he was second to none in his day.

A GOOD SIGN, BUT—.

Everybody speaks well of Judge Baldwin whom the Democrats of Connecticut have nominated for Governor of that State. Even his political enemies praise him, and his nomination is spoken of as only another sign of the rehabilitation of the Democratic party. It is unquestionably a promising sign; but one swallow does not make Spring. Look at the nomination of Hoke Smith in Georgia and "Ham" Patterson in Tennessee, and the terrible strain upon the people of South Carolina at the prospect of Blease's nomination next Tuesday!

FOR SCHOOLS AND STAGE.

It is charged that the Associated Press edited the speech of the Colonel at Sioux Falls, so that it read smoothly and seemed to have been delivered in the best of temper and with due regard to the Colonel's parts of speech. Now comes the Sioux City Journal with a verbatim account of what the Colonel actually said in getting started, and how he said it, as follows:

Mr. Chairman and you my fellow-citizens: Now, I wish to ask you to be as quiet as possible, so that as many as possible can hear. Sit down! Keep that man down! My friend—Get down there! Now get down! Put him down! I will get the square deal even if I have to make them take it. Now, keep every man from climbing up here. He prevents thirty men from seeing when he gets up. Have you no adequate police force here? He is down now. I believe in benevolence but not in weakness.

That is doubtless exactly how it sounded to the reporter, and it should be included in all the Speakers' Books used for school declamation. A bright boy of sufficient voice and physique could make the rafters ring with that appeal to the common people, and Al Fields and Dockstader could turn it to excellent account on the minstrel stage.

"THE HEART'S CRY."

(Selected for The Times-Dispatch.)

"O, that I knew where I might find Him!"—Job xxiii. 3.

God comes only into the heart that wants Him. Each man keeps the Key to the door of his own heart, and God will not wrench that key from his hand.

God will not force His way into any human heart, saying: "I have made that heart, and I will reign in it and subdue that will, so that you shall have Me as your God, whether you will or no."

He is God in heaven above and in the earth beneath, and He gives to none the glory of His name; yet it is in the power of the most obscure man that lives to shut God out of his heart, and say: "I will not have Him to reign over me."

Everything depends upon the tone and purpose of the heart. Do we really, with the whole heart, desire to find God, so that we may give ourselves into His hands? If any one really and truly, with all his soul, longs to find God, then God will be found of him. Man and his Maker shall see one another, as it were, face to face, and a new life shall begin in that soul.

The desire after God does not begin on our part. God has not hidden Himself, that His creatures, His lost children, shall cry after Him. We love God because He first loved us. If we desire God it is because God first desired us. He asks for our heart as His tabernacle; He surrounds us night and day with tender, pathetic appeals; He repeats again and again His invitation: "If any man love Me I will come in and make my abode with him."

Do we desire to find God? The desire must be pure; there must be no admixture of vanity. It must be a longing of true, simple, undivided love.

What is our object in finding God? Is it to gratify intellectual vanity? Is it to be delivered from some immediate difficulty? We must seek God as men who know there is no other help. We must shut every other book, turn from every other teacher, forsake every broken cistern, every shallow fountain, and come thus to God to seek and find Him. Self-renouncing, self-distrusting, hungering and thirsting after mercy and righteousness, God will hear your cry.

Do you really desire God to dwell in your heart? That desire is in itself a prayer. Do you say, "I wish I knew how to pray?" The desire of your heart is the best prayer; it is, in fact, the only true prayer.

You may stumble and blunder in every sentence; you may not be able to utter one word, but God looks at the desire of the heart and the purpose of the soul. The sighing of the wounded and the contrite brings Him to the relief of the troubled heart. He stands ever ready with His grace and help, and in every possible way He begs for the love of His creatures.

Day by day He cries, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock. If any man hear My voice and open the door I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with Me."

And again, with even more tender entreaty: "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

A term long used in reproach of the South, "plantation manners," will be compelled to give way now to another and truthful form, "Roosevelt manners." The manners of the Southern plantation were never excelled anywhere in the world for gentle concern of the comfort of the guests enjoying the hospitality of Southern homes, for good breeding, for exquisite charm, for sweet simplicity; but some blackguard or other invented the phrase "plantation manners" in contempt of decency. There is no longer any excuse for the term, however, as the Colonel has given us something better—"Roosevelt manners."

The Farmville Herald pays affectionate tribute to Dr. Charles H. Winston, the beloved professor of astronomy at Richmond College, saying:

"On Thursday of last week, Prof. C. H. Winston, of Richmond, was in town, and it was the pleasure of the writer, a former pupil, to take him by the hand, though the good doctor did say he remembered the pupil as a bad boy while at school. He should know just how much the boy has improved as the years have been going by and then he would be proud of his 'bad boy.' Any how the boy is proud of his old teacher, and rejoices to know that time has been dealing kindly with him. Prof. Winston is one of the brightest scholars of the State and is as familiar with the starry world as the rest of us are with the earth upon which we walk."

Well said.

Traveling men are evidently regarded by the Augusta County Argus as "fearfully and wonderfully made," for that paper says:

"Drummers seldom pray much, pay their bills usually, hate shams, dodge touches, have warm hearts, quick wits, much nerve and more courage, but are born scoffers. They have good memories, much humor and a fund of stories limited only by time. They can preach a sermon, lead in prayer, time a horse race, umpire a ball game, make a stump speech and have an opinion on every known subject from prize fights to the nebular hypothesis."

Some of these days one of them will be holding things down in the White House.

The Norfolk Virginian-Pilot confesses that uncovered garbage carts and wagons are used in its town, and pauses for a reply from the "local health authorities." But what's the use of pausing? The best way to get rid of such things is to change the local health officers. That's the sort of remedy that would effect an almost immediate cure of a common nuisance. Before trying it in Richmond, we should like to see it tried in Norfolk, so that we might have "a horrible example" at which to point the finger of scorn, thus arousing the voters here to their duty.

The Gubbins Chewing-Gum Attachment is to be adopted in Macon, Georgia, that town being infested also with ladies who have contracted the cud habit, and the Telegraph is looking for great economy in the use of the jaw-motions for the making of lights in the street cars and in the homes of Macon. The ladies of Richmond do not seem to be chewing as much gum as they did a month or so ago; but occasionally a very pretty face is ruined by the busy industry of her upper and lower maxillaries.

"Roosevelt as an issue," is the headline of an editorial article in the New York Tribune yesterday; but it refers to the Colonel as an issue in State politics. We should like to know what the Tribune thinks of the Colonel as an issue in National politics. As Susie, Professor Garner's chimpanzee would say, to the Tribune: "Our-h, Where are you?"

Of the candidates for the same high office in one of the Original Thirteen, which shall not be more nearly identified here, it is reported that one of them "gets drunk, and is sorry for it;" the other "gets drunk and is proud of it."

The Scientific American says that knowledge of wind pressure is comparatively limited and uncertain; but has it ever tried its anemometer, or whatever it is that is used in getting at the facts, on Senator Beveridge, of Indiana?

Says the New York World: "Ballinger must go;" yet it has only been a few weeks since the very same World was insisting, "Down with the dictators!"

When the bird-man in Boston had Fitzgerald up in the air the other day, why didn't he drop him overboard?

MAKES EFFORT TO CHANGE SUCCESSION TO THRONE

BY LA MARQUISE DE FONTENOY.

KHEDIVE ABBAS HILMI'S efforts at Constantinople to secure a change in the succession to his throne of Egypt, and to transfer it from his eldest boy, Prince Mohammed Abdul Mouneim, not twelve years old, offspring of his ex-slave wife Ikbal Hanem, to the son recently borne to him by his new Hungarian wife, Countess Torok, serves to recall the enormous amount of khedivial money which has been spent at Constantinople in just such manoeuvres as these in times past. According to the present law of succession in Turkey, and which was also formerly enforced in the vassal Ottoman state of Egypt, the succession to the throne belongs, not to the ruler's eldest son, but to the senior of the princes of the blood, no matter how remote his relationship. The heir apparent to Abdul Hamid's throne throughout his reign, was not his eldest son, but his brother next in point of age, that is to say, the present Padishah; and the latter's successor, in the same way, will be none of his three sons, but his cousin, Prince Youssouff Izzedine.

In the same way Khedive Ismail's heir in the early part of his reign was his uncle Prince Halim, youngest son of Mehemet Ali, by his Arab wife. After him, Prince Ibrahim, son of Khedive Ismail's eldest brother Achmet; and then only the Khedive's eldest son Tewfik. Khedive Ismail's brother Achmet would have preceded him on the throne, had it not been for an extraordinary tragedy, which has never been entirely cleared up, but the responsibility for which may be said to have rested on Ismail. Half way between Cairo and Alexandria, at Kafr Zayat, the railroad crosses the Nile by an iron swing-bridge. In 1858, Said, then ruler of Egypt, gave a great fete at Alexandria, commanding the presence of all the members of his family. Three of them, namely, the Princes Ismail, Halim and Achmet, had remained in Cairo, and a special train was ordered for their conveyance to the fete. Ismail at the last moment remained behind under the pretext of illness. When the train bearing the Princes Halim and Achmet thundered down the slope that leads on to the swing-bridge at Kafr Zayat, the English engine driver on the locomotive saw to his horror that the drawbridge was open, leaving a yawning space over the deep and raging flood fully fifty feet below. The entire train and its occupants were precipitated into the river. Halim alone escaped through his superior activity and presence of mind; for in some way he managed to get through the carriage window and swim ashore. It was a matter of common talk at Cairo and Alexandria at the time that the tragedy had been engineered by Ismail, so as to clear his elder brother, Achmet, a most economical and methodical prince, out of the way of his own succession to the throne, and also to get rid at the same time of his uncle Halim, whom he hated. The rumors met with additional force, when on his accession to the throne some years later, the Armenian, Nubar Boy, at the head of the railroad service, who had been one of his most intimate confidants, and who had left Egypt for Europe immediately after the tragedy, in order to avoid being held to account for the criminal carelessness, or design, resulting in the destruction of the train, was recalled to Cairo, promoted to the rank of Pasha, and invested with the office of Prime Minister.

By the presentation of a sum of $4,500,000 in cash to the then Sultan Abdul Aziz, and by the distribution of about twice that amount in bribes among the various dignitaries of the Ottoman court, the Grand Eunuch coming in for the largest share, Khedive Ismail secured, in 1866, a firman from the Sultan, transferring the succession from Prince Halim and from Prince Ibrahim, to his eldest son Tewfik. It may be added that later on Khedive Ismail took a pronounced dislike to his eldest son Tewfik, whose mother, like the first wife of the present Khedive, was of slave origin. Tewfik enjoyed none of the educational advantages arising from foreign travel, that were possessed by his younger brothers, Hussein and Hassan, whose mothers were princesses, and who were their father's favorites. They were graduates of English and German universities, and Hassan had served in the Prussian army. At one moment, Ismail, who regarded Tewfik not only as stupid, but also as disposed to side with the English and French against him, was on the point of banishing him to Fashoda, on the charge of treason; a sentence which was equivalent to death, since the persons thus banished were usually murdered, either by strangling, or by means of poison, before they had even reached the First Cataract; an instance in point being Ismail's Minister of Finance, the Moufettish. In fact, it was King Edward, as Prince of Wales, who may be said to have saved Tewfik's life on that occasion; for, warned in time by the English government, he visited Cairo in 1877, on his way back from India, and laid so much stress upon the regard which he entertained for Tewfik, and upon the fact that the latter was quite especially under English protection, that Ismail no longer dared to fulfil his project about consigning him to certain death, en route to Fashoda exile.

Not long before Ismail's deposition, he made another attempt to secure, by means of money, from the Sultan, a firman, changing the order of succession in favor of Hussein, on the ground that the latter's mother was a princess of the blood, whereas Tewfik's mother had been merely a slave. But before the intrigue could be matured, he was removed from the throne by the Sultan, who acted in the matter under the compulsion of Great Britain, France, Austria and Germany.

Khedive Abbas Hilmi's Hungarian wife, Countess Marianne, for the sake of whose son he is endeavoring to secure from his suzerain the Sultan, another change in the order of the succession to the Egyptian throne, became a convert to Islam, at Cairo, last winter, just before her marriage to the Khedive, after having lived under his protection for three years, in a villa, in the suburb of Koubbeh, not far from his palace of that name. She is the daughter of Count Joseph Torok, governor of the province of Ungvar, her mother being a member of the historic house of Vetter von der Lilie, which is descended from King Francis I. of France, and one of his fair, but frail favorites. Countess Marianne Torok married Baron Arthur Muller von Klingspor, Regiment of Artillery of the Austrian army, was divorced by him, and then became a professional pianist, attracting the attention and making the acquaintance of the Khedive, at the Hotel Hungaria, at Pesth. The Egyptian ruler's infatuation for Countess Marianne, who although very handsome and fascinating, is a woman of the most ungovernable temper, was fostered by his mother, the Dowager Khediviah, in order to get even with Ikbal Hanem, his first wife. For when she presented Ikbal to him as a slave, to prevent his marrying a Turkish princess, who would have supplanted her influence over him—she is a terribly ambitious woman, with a perfect lust for power—she never dreamt that he would wed the despised and uneducated odalisque, and that the latter would show herself ungrateful to and become an enemy of her former mistress.

It was thoroughly in keeping with Florence Nightingale's character, that she should prefer to lie in a quiet village churchyard, among the graves of those who had been most near and dear to her, rather than in England's historic Walhalla, Westminster Abbey. The only women who have been honored by burial in the abbey in modern times have been Baroness Burdett-Coutts, who was entombed there in 1907; old Mrs. Gladstone, who a few years previously had been laid to rest near by, beside the remains of her husband, the "Grand Old Man;" and Lady Augusta Stanley, wife of the celebrated Dean Stanley. Aside from these, and the Duchess of Northumberland, grandmother of the present duke, no woman has received the honor of burial in the abbey, since the eighteenth century. The Duchess of Northumberland's entombment there was only by reason of the fact that the members of the ducal house to which she belonged, have enjoyed from time immemorial the right of burial in St. Nicholas Chapel. Formerly the abbey authorities were less exclusive in the matter of according place there to members of the fair sex; and there are women who lie there that have been held up to public obloquy by historians; and even the infamous Aphra Behn, who was not only an actress and a demi-mondaine, but also a political spy of the reign of Charles II.

(Copyright, 1910, by the Brentwood Company.)